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My Strange Mind

Talking about my recent state of mind

Tsuji Jun

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This was published in 1970 after his death. I can't find the exact date, but it had to have been written after 1932 since this takes place after he got institutionalized.

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Translated by the Anarchist Hikikomori Kyoukai

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humanitarians are screaming about. The screaming people are also on the verge of starving — countless numbers of serious laborers are also starving to death. It's a truly sorry thing that somebody as useless as myself is living right now. In this way, complaining is the only art that I have.

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After all, what I'm facing is the leader of the monster-like "life" which holds the power of life and death in its hands, and if you don't bite it and sink your teeth into it, you won't get a response no matter how many of you are there, having no other way to go about things than to be deceived.

I haven't been able to live a very long life even though I tried to live my life to the fullest, so somehow I just want to innocently live a safe and ordinary life. But going from all of my experience up to this point, it doesn't look like things will go that smoothly. Even if I think this or that, whatever is on the other side will throw itself at me with no way for me to prevent it. Even during a war, I can't just keep being indifferent. Most people probably don't want to be admitted into a hospital for insane people. But if they are impulsive or spontaneous or insane like I am then naturally it's the same thing as when a thief gets thrown into prison. If life is just one big Baudelaire style insane asylum, then we all just have to live on and keep being retarded until we die. While we are still living, we must constantly be drunk or else we will end up as the hostage of boredom. Generally, there isn't anything in this world that I'm more jealous of than people who are able to be immersed in their work. That's because I completely lack that ability right now. There isn't an existence out there that is more miserable than simply continuing to live out of habit. If somebody like me is living in a place like Shanghai, then they are definitely the resident of an opium den. Oh! How I yearn for a subject who can fascinate me! For a "cripple," you sure do demand some luxuries, says someone who might scold me, however I think that humans, no matter how luxuriously they may live, never become a nuisance. But luxuries are never infinite, and the fact that they quickly run out is a fact of life. The extremes of human luxuries seem to basically come down to "tea ceremonies." Right now I have even lost the ability to get dead drunk off cheap alcohol while talking to some ugly bitches in a bar at the outskirts of town. But just look at the people of the rural village who are on the verge of starvation! Is what the idealistic

only a world where human beings will no longer be able to live, but a world that will probably become like a “moon world.”

Everything that I’ve been writing or speaking about so far has been about criticizing and finding fault with life and has resulted in me advocating for the “road to ruin” so-to-speak, so I’ve never thought in the least that I would be welcomed for what I say. But it’s not like I’m intentionally going round and round like a hair whorl trying to put forth dissenting opinions; it’s more like I’m just taking the extremely worn out ideas of my predecessors and then repeating it in my own style which is neither novel nor strange. This world is “transient,” and so whatever humans say or do is just bullshit that will never become something to focus on. Like this, I’m also nothing more than just an ordinary person with worldly passions. The Buddhist priest Shinran famously confessed in his faith that he so devotedly clung to the topic of the salvation of the Amithaba Buddha because he had no other way to live his life, and again this has been repeated countless times by many different people up until now. I’ve also read a book called the Tannisho over and over again while deeply admiring the teachings of Shinran, yet unfortunately I am still unable to achieve the kind of great faith that Shinran had which I constantly think is pathetic; I privately think about what I would have to do to gain such spiritual peace. But even without touching the light of the Amithaba Buddha, I think that I at least do well in studying how to accept my “fate.” It may be that I do not “accept” my fate, but am endlessly being discontent with it, however I don’t blame this on other people. Neither do I blame it social organization and other such things that human beings have created. If I were to bring this to its conclusion, I would actually rather blame it on the Amithaba Buddha. I want to laugh at the extent of idiocy of the “life” that creates idiotic beings such as myself. As a whole, why is it creating ridiculous things like me and then making me do nonsensical things all the time? Well if you don’t like it then just hurry up and die! If I was told that then I would have no choice but to fall back without making any growling.

Translator’s Preface

Will Tsuji Jun ever get out of the mental hospital? Will he ever get a job and stop being an intelligensia tramp? Will he ever finally reach enlightenment? Unfortunately, we all know the answers to these questions. After the war was lost, the dogs of the state took over Japan and forced poor Tsuji into a cramped apartment where the only thing he could do was drink and play eroge. When he finally succumbed, his last words were: “If somebody like me was in Shanghai he would definitely be living in an opium den.” Rest in pururin. As always, I implore anyone who finds any mistakes to correct them. I’ve gone through this multiple times to make sure that there isn’t anything I’m unsure of, but I may still miss something so watch out.

“Talking about my recent state of mind” is the topic that I’ve given this, but as of now, I don’t feel anything as coherent as a “state of mind,” so I’m just going to keep writing without thinking much about it. In other words, my head is so vacant that being absentminded is unmistakably my “state of mind,” yet leaving it at that would feel too disappointing, so I’m going to talk about just how vacant and absentminded I am. Ever since I left the hospital in June of this year, the only thing that I’ve written that can be called literature is 10 sheets of something close to a “newspaper.” It’s not as if I don’t occasionally feel the urge to write something, but when I do, I get anxious that what I’m writing is strange and end up abruptly stopping. That’s how severely I’ve lost confidence in myself.

As of now, I’ve become a complete “cripple.” If there really was no way for me to get out of this place, I would either still be another retard in a mental hospital, or I may have been transferred

to a rearing facility. Fortunately, I'll be able to keep living without anything like that happening, which I am grateful for. In any case, it seems that insanity is caused by your nerves receiving too much stress and excitement, recovering from that condition and then as a reaction becoming flaccid. I think that the reason why I've been so absentminded for so long is because of that. I've also had to significantly lower my drinking which has been a habit of mine for so many years, and because of that I am going through many physiological changes which have not made me feel very good. I definitely think that the reason why I now quickly get colds and then sleep even though I rarely got them in the past is because I have stopped drinking. Although if I go back to drinking the way I was before I may worry people and then once more end up as a resident of the mental hospital, so it depends on how discretely I-fuck, this has really become a pain in the ass for me.

Well, the world seems to be only getting more and more complex every day, but truthfully as long as human beings continue to exist, it will only proportionally go up and down with not much of a difference to how annoying people are, and if only in this light, wherever we fall at the end of the day, it doesn't seem like things will get any better for either of us. I too, when I was young, strangled my feeble mind and tried my best to be anxious about myself and other people, but recently my patience has ran out and I now no longer think about anything. In other words, nothing will happen even if I try to think, and so I have given up. It's really pathetic, but I've just completely took off my helmet. But troubling enough as it is, if things turn out this way, everything would become meaningless and valueless to me, and at the same time even if the tiny existence that is me would be begin to be treated as completely useless by the rest of the world, I would have no way to make any further complaints, and then eventually I would become alienated from my friends and become completely alone, no longer understanding how I should keep on living. On top of that, putting aside the fact that I don't have a fortune that I can leisurely sit on,

I, who am of a standing close to owning nothing, would start to trouble everyone around me. At least if, like up until now, I could keep writing and make a little bit of money off it, then I could be satisfied, but I've become unable to devote myself to writing. Basically, on top of my head becoming empty, my interest in writing has lowered dramatically. The ruins of mind, which have become completely vacant, are in a condition where it uselessly continues to breathe. I want to get rid of this condition as fast as I can, but even if I try to rush out of it, I don't think that it will be of any use. This can also be proof that my mental illness has not yet recovered enough. If only I began to overflow with health and energy could it have not come to something like this. Anyways, If I keep complaining like this my readers will get bored and I'm also not very interested in all of this, but this is what happens when I honestly try to describe my "state of mind," so even though I never felt like doing it, I'm being forced to write this and so I have no choice. Just when I sometimes think I've begun to get better, I go insane again, so really there is no saving me at this point.

This is completely unrelated, but humans seem to have been talking about things like searching for truth or reality, but this is all completely useless. Actually, reality or truth are always abundantly rolling around in our common everyday life and therefore people seem to have stopped looking around for them and have began searching for something rarer and newer that could not possibly exist, however due to the fact that it is obvious that no such thing exists, even if it is visible for but a short moment, they see that it is originally no different in appearance from everything else and only appeared to be different for a short while, and so obviously they get bored of it quickly. Even understanding this, people who, as if such a thing really existed, eagerly cheer on and ring huge bells for it like Chindon'ya street performers, and these people, to keep living and to carry out their duty, must repeat it over and over again while all human beings, no matter who they are, intently enjoy such things. A world in which illusions have completely ceased to exist is not